Pervert by PuffyPhantom

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Summary:

Danny plays a prank on Vlad. Unfortunately, things don't go exactly as planned.

...or maybe it isn't so unfortunate after all.

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Pervert

Author's Note:

> There was supposed to be a lot more done with this fic, but I got burnt out and it's been sitting untouched in my files for months now. The whole thing is kinda dumb anyway.

Danny shifted in discomfort as he walked down the hall towards one of the many entertainment rooms in Vlad’s mansion, his muttering never ceasing.

It had been an innocent joke. A prank. Danny just wanted to see how Vlad would react when he realized it was gone. To see him lose that calm and collected demeanor of his over a missing *football* of all things.

Well, sure, Danny got what he wished for, but when Vlad demanded that he return his “most prized possession” for the umpteenth time—and when Danny had enough fun feigning innocence—he led Vlad to its hidden location, and it was gone.

Danny was bewildered. He still was. He was so sure that he’d left it in that one particular spot that was easy to find. But it wasn’t there. He’d looked around tirelessly, and when nothing turned up, he apologized and tried to convince Vlad that it had to show up someday. Like a remote lost under the cushions of a couch, or a sock that had gone astray after doing laundry, things like that didn’t just disappear.

Of course, that wasn’t enough to suffice. Danny couldn’t have guessed his punishment. Knowing Vlad, he figured it would’ve been something crazy, and maybe even downright cruel, but he’d never imagined that the man would have him wearing a cheerleading uniform. A *girl’s* cheerleading uniform.

“Oh, come on, Vlad. I didn’t lose it. I just… misplaced it. And you can’t stay mad at me forever.”

“Is that a challenge, Daniel?”

“No! Seriously, there’s gotta be something I can do to make you feel better, right?”

“I shouldn’t have asked,” Danny mumbled to himself and stopped walking just before he reached the arched doorway to the room, green and gold pom poms in hand. He could hear the announcers of the football match that he’d agreed to watch with Vlad… with the uniform on.

He took a calming breath. In through his nose, and out through his mouth. Before he had another chance to hesitate, he stepped inside.

Vlad did a comedic double take, and Danny sort of wished that he really did choke on the bottle of beer he was drinking. But Vlad quickly composed himself, clearing his throat and setting the bottle on the coffee table in front of where he was seated on his sectional sofa, wearing a Green Bay Packers jersey and a very punchable face.

“Color me surprised. I didn’t think you had it in you, little badger.”

Danny scowled. “It’s not like you gave me much of a choice. It was either this or… I don’t even want to know what else.”

Looking sufficiently pleased, Vlad leaned back against the sofa, crossing his arms and legs. Danny’s face ignited as he was given a thorough look-over from head to toe. “It suits you quite well, don’t you think?”

“Are you insane?” Danny blurted, hiding whatever he could of his form behind the pom poms. They brushed up against his exposed midriff, and he wondered how Sam always seemed comfortable wearing crop tops and skirts. “What am I saying? Of course you’re insane.”

Vlad lifted a brow, smirking.

Danny made a face. “And why do I have to be in my ghost form for… *this* anyway?”

“Simple. It complements the uniform.”

“*What*?”

“Haven’t you noticed the color scheme?”

Danny looked down at himself. The uniform was colored in green, gold, and white, representing Vlad’s favorite football team. And Danny realized that it really did match his hair and eyes when in ghost form. Thoroughly unamused, he looked back up at Vlad, glaring at him. “You weirdo. Can’t you rethink this and make me, like, wash your dishes for a week instead? I’ll even wash your limo, too… or… something.”

“Some simple manual labor is hardly enough to compensate for that little stunt you pulled. And I already pay others to do that for me anyway.”

“Uh, okay. What if I—”

“Spare your bargaining chips, Daniel. We already had this discussion.”

“Yeah, but—”

“Enough,” Vlad said, voice clipped.

Danny pressed his lips together in a frown. He wanted to retort, but he already had it bad enough, and he didn’t need to make things worse, if that was even possible. He didn’t want to find out.

Vlad’s features softened. “Come on now, don’t look so defeated.” He got up and made his way over to Danny, stopping behind him and putting his hands on his naked shoulders. “Rest assured that this will be more than enough for me to disregard your prank, at the very least.”

Danny’s face flushed as his shoulders were given a firm squeeze. “It better be. I still don’t get it. When you said all I had to do was ‘humor’ you, this is not what I had in mind.”

“And what, pray tell, *did* you have in mind, my dear boy?”

“Uh—nothing. Anyway, you meant what you just said, right?”

“Of course. I’m a man of my word. All is forgiven. Really, you should be grateful that this is all I requested of you.”

“Gee, your mercy knows no bounds.”

“No need to thank me,” Vlad teased, moving one of his hands down to Danny’s naked stomach.

Danny shivered from the touch. “But… why a cheerleading uniform?”

“It seemed appropriate for today’s occasion.”

Danny squinted at the enormous flat screen TV mounted on the wall. “Because of the football game?”

“Indeed. And how can one properly enjoy an American sport without its lovely cheerleaders?”

“Fruit loop,” Danny muttered, not even bothering to try to make sense of Vlad’s reasoning anymore. He pushed himself away from Vlad’s hold and plopped onto the corner of the sofa, dropping the pom poms to the floor and adjusting his skirt that had ridden up a bit. He made sure to keep his knees stuck together when Vlad walked past him to sit at the other end of the sofa, right next to the chaise portion of the furniture.

Vlad removed his shoes and grabbed his beer, focusing his attention on the TV and behaving as if nothing was out of the ordinary. If passive humiliation was Vlad’s objective, then the man had it made.

But it wasn’t so bad. Danny only had to endure his torture until the end of the game, where all he had to do was sit there and look dumb for the duration of it. At least, he hoped so. Unless Vlad had another one of his tricks up his sleeve—something that seemed more than likely. Danny tried not to think about it too much.

He eased up a little as the minutes went by while burly men tackled each other on the television. Vlad downed his beers, rooting for his favorite team and cursing when things didn’t seem to go his way. Danny had his fill of chips and cola, trying to keep his movements at a minimum and not failing to notice the not-so-subtle glances that Vlad gave him all the while.

It was around half-time when Danny wrapped himself with his arms and rubbed at his frigid spectral skin. Again, he pondered how Sam did it. The clothes barely covered half of his body. Not to mention that he'd never been in his ghost form without his hazmat suit on. He felt so exposed and… *naked.*

"Are you cold?" Vlad asked.

Danny didn't care to look his way. "Yeah. Maybe because a certain someone wanted me to wear a skimpy outfit as vengeance."

Vlad chuckled. "Maybe that certain someone can help mitigate your chills. Come here."

Danny did look this time, watching with a skeptical eye as Vlad put down his beer and leaned against the sofa. Smiling fondly, he outstretched his arm closest to Danny over the back of the sofa as if to emphasize the empty space next him. It was clear that he was intent on selling his invitation. Danny was not interested in buying it.

"I know what you're planning," he muttered.

"Whatever do you mean?" Vlad asked with a tinge of amusement in his voice.

"Yeah, like you really don't know."

"I really don't. Care to clarify?"

"You're trying to feel me up."

"I'm simply trying to help."

"Help me through my suffering? Why do I find that so hard to believe?" Danny asked sarcastically. Yet regardless of his scorn, and after another unpleasant shudder made him quake, he couldn't help himself and he scooted over, leaning into Vlad's warm body.

Humming and sounding content, Vlad lowered the volume some and slid his arm around Danny, placing his chin on top of Danny's head. Losing the majority of his suspicions of Vlad's ulterior motives, Danny let himself relax and hugged Vlad's middle, nuzzling the side of his face against Vlad's chest and stealing the pleasant heat radiating from him.

The half-time ended as they embraced each other in comfortable silence while the TV did all the talking for them. Danny didn't get much sleep the previous night—thanks to his failed attempt at finding Vlad's football—and he could feel his eyelids getting heavy as he started to succumb to the soothing rise and fall of Vlad's steady breathing.

That is, until he heard Vlad's heartbeat pick up its pace in tune with the hand that started to caress him.

Why was Danny not surprised.

Vlad shifted slightly, and his hand rested on Danny's hip, where he began to rub the skin there with his thumb. "Danny," he spoke up, voice noticeably deeper than before.

Danny swallowed, his face warming up from something else other than Vlad's body heat. He knew what that deep tone meant, but he was not going to give Vlad the gratification that he didn't even deserve. "Focus on the game, cheesehead."

"That's admittedly difficult to do given the current circumstances."

"What circumstances?"

"The circumstances that involve having such a pretty boy practically sitting on my lap."

"Yeah?" Danny stirred and narrowed his lips into a line, unsure how to feel about being called pretty. That was a term for girls. Not him. Even if he was wearing girl's clothing. But that was Vlad's stupid idea. "Well, you wanted me over here, so deal with it."

“And what do you believe I’m attempting to do at the moment?” Vlad purred, sliding his hand underneath the hem of Danny’s top.

Danny inhaled sharply when Vlad brushed a finger over his nipple and mentally chastised himself for having his dick twitch under his skirt because of that. He peered down at the tell-tale bulge in Vlad’s slacks. “Jeez, aren’t I supposed to be the one who can’t control their hormones around here? What’s with you?”

Vlad sighed. “I wasn’t lying when I said the uniform suits you well.”

“Weirdo,” Danny mumbled, watching the TV as the camera panned over to some cheerleaders smiling and waving. “Are you really… you’re seriously turned on because of this stupid get-up?”

“And the one wearing them.”

“Wow. Either you’ve had too many beers, or Tucker is right about you being a massive pervert.”

“I may be mildly inebriated, but my feelings are sincere. And I’m surprised that the fact that I’ve been copulating with an adolescent boy didn’t give you a hint that I’m a ‘massive pervert’.”

Danny chuckled. “Oh man, I can’t believe that you just admitted to being a pervert.” His good humor instantly vanished when Vlad rubbed his nipple, making it harden under his touch.

“Why would I deny it?” Vlad asked playfully, his voice going back to being deep and alluring.

“I dunno. I think most men in their forties would lose their self-respect if they openly admitted to something like that."

“Well, I’m not like most men, now, am I?”

“Nope. Not even close,” Danny agreed wryly.

“I’m glad we came to an agreement.” Vlad’s hand moved back to Danny’s hip, just barely sliding it underneath the waistband of his skirt. He leaned into Danny’s ear. “Actually, why don’t you show me just how much of a pervert I really am?” he asked in a sultry whisper.

Danny’s breath hitched. Heat quickly pooled beneath his navel. He gulped and remained quiet while he weighed out his options.

Even if he was annoyed, Danny couldn’t deny that he was starting to feel frisky thanks to Vlad’s advances, but he also really didn’t want to give the man *that* kind satisfaction. He was supposed to be upset with him for making him wear the stupid cheerleading outfit, *not* please him even more.

Then again, it would make time go by much faster. And depending on how far they went, maybe he wouldn’t have to keep wearing the ridiculous outfit. Plus, something like this had been what Danny was thinking of as a peace offering anyway. And if he did a really good job, then maybe Vlad would forget about his dumb football for good.

Probably not, but it was worth a shot.

“Fine,” Danny drawled in the most annoyed sounding way possible, leaning away from Vlad. He ignored the surprised look on Vlad’s face as he looked into his eyes, keeping his own expression serious. “I *will* show you.”

Apparently, Vlad was still shocked that Danny had agreed because he made no witty remarks as Danny moved off of the couch to kneel down in between his thighs. Danny mentally patted himself on the back while adjusting his skirt.

“Aren’t you feeling confident today?” Vlad finally spoke as Danny began to undo his slacks. He spread his legs apart to give Danny more room, leaning further back against the couch with the return of that smug look that he pulled off so well.

“Don’t get used to it. And I’m only doing this to further prove my point,” Danny snarked. His breathing shallowed as he focused on the task at hand, moving aside the unbuttoned and unzipped portion of Vlad’s pants and

revealing his boxer briefs and the now very obvious erection straining against them.

It made Danny a bit giddy knowing that someone as composed as Vlad got so excited from simply seeing him in a girl's revealing outfit, even if Danny felt weird and gross wearing it. But if it meant getting to see Vlad drool all over him because of it, then maybe it was worth the internal humiliation.

"I admire your determination, even if it's not strictly necessary," Vlad teased.

Danny ignored him as his hand started above Vlad's boxer briefs, riding up the bottom of his jersey and appreciating Vlad's taut skin and muscles as he moved his palm downwards. His fingers glided across the trail of coarse hair that disappeared into Vlad's undergarments, and Danny could feel Vlad's excitement as he hooked his fingers into the waistband before he pulled them down.

Vlad's cock practically sprung out of its confines, bobbing in the air until gravity got the better of it. Its heavy weight caused it to settle with the tip facing a little ways away from Danny—veiny, fully erect, and ready for attention.

Danny licked his lips and shifted as an excuse to stare for a moment, taking in its provocative and grandiose appearance. Vlad's cock was as huge as his ego, and even if it wasn't the first time Danny had seen it, it never failed to put him in a state of hormonal, lust-filled awe.

Vlad hummed. He pushed some of Danny's hair away from his heated face, and Danny realized he was caught staring longer than he intended to.

"Getting cold feet already?" Vlad asked, his amusement still clearly present. "I won't hold it against you if you change your mind. It wouldn't be the first time—"

"No," Danny interrupted with a glare. "But if you don't shut up then maybe I will stop, and you'll have to jerk off to the cheerleaders on the TV instead."

“That would prove difficult. They’re not nearly as pretty as you.”

Danny doubled down on his glare.

“My apologies. As you were,” Vlad commanded with a wave of his hand and a smirk.

Danny glared at him for a second longer and then got back to work. He wrapped his thin fingers around the thick middle and gave one slow torturous tug, feeling how soft and rigid and hot it was in his cold, small hand. He watched the skin wrinkle as he stroked, and a mischievous smile played on his lips when he heard Vlad let out a shaky breath.

“Actually, you’re right. Those girls don’t hold a candle to me, huh?” Danny asked, staring up at Vlad through his eyelashes and white bangs, giving his cock another lazy stroke.

Vlad raised a brow.

“Teenage boys are more your thing, I think,” Danny clarified. He leaned forward and pressed his lips against the pink tip, keeping them there while he continued his slow movements.

“You know me so well,” Vlad said quietly. “But not just any teenage boy can capture my interest, mind you.”

“Really?” Danny brought his tongue out, pressing it flat against the head and lapping up the precome that had gathered there.

Vlad shifted. “Of course.”

Spurred on by Vlad’s brief reply, Danny stroked down to the base and kept a firm hold while he slowly licked the side from top to bottom, letting the whole thing slide against his cheek because he knew Vlad loved it when he did that. “Let me guess. They have to be, oh, I don’t know, about fourteen years old?”

“Preferably.”

“And they have to…” Danny licked his way back up, taking the head into his mouth and giving it one quick suck before letting go with an intentionally loud and wet smack of his lips. “…have black hair and blue eyes?” He looked up, meeting Vlad’s intense gaze, and he just knew Vlad was picturing him in his human form.

Vlad’s face twitched. “Those are a few requirements, yes.”

“But I think most importantly they have to be…” Danny lifted his hand off of Vlad to summon some green-tinted ectoplasm from his palm, making sure Vlad was watching as it seeped through his skin. “…half ghost?” he asked with a coy tilt of his head, returning his hand to Vlad’s cock and covering his entire length with the thin slime in one firm stroke.

Vlad groaned. “Certainly a must,” he strained out while Danny began to jerk him off in earnest.

“I thought so,” Danny said, bringing the conversation to a gratifying end. He swirled his tongue around the tip before taking it back into his mouth. Closing around the shaft with his thumb and forefinger, he took more of it in and began to bob his head, stroking with his fingers whatever portion that didn’t fit.

Vlad’s heavy hand landed on Danny’s head, and thick fingers threaded through his hair while he hummed around Vlad’s cock. He flattened his tongue and dragged it along the underside as he moved up and down, setting a steady pace. Despite Vlad’s large size, it was relatively easy to do with the help of the slimy ectoplasm—a neat trick Danny had learned from Vlad—and judging by the sounds Vlad was currently making, Danny guessed he was doing a pretty good job at pleasing him. Even *he* was getting hotter under his skirt just by slobbering all over Vlad’s dick.

And as drool mixed with other fluids trickled down his chin and onto his bare thighs, Danny wondered why Vlad got so excited about the uniform in the first place. Though, now that Danny was thinking about it, and while he remained seated on his legs, where the voices from the all but ignored football game were overpowered by his shameless slurping, he somehow

got even more aroused by how obscene it all was. It seemed even more indecent than being in the same position while completely undressed.

He let off Vlad to further pull down his boxer briefs, freeing the man's wrinkly testicles. With his hand hand stroking his length, Danny took one into his mouth, sucking and pulling and then letting go to lick the sack up to the base of Vlad's cock. Thick hairs tickled his nose as he continued, thinking back to how Vlad had done it to him to compensate for his lack of experience. Both of Vlad's balls were shining from spit and ectoplasm by the time Danny took his cock back into his mouth.

Vlad groaned loudly when his cockhead rubbed up against the roof Danny's mouth. He pushed his hips, the movement causing it to prod and stretch the inside of Danny's cheek. He gripped Danny's hair. "Daniel—"

Not wanting Vlad to come just yet, Danny took Vlad's cock as deep as it could go without triggering his gag reflex and gave one last thorough suck, taking his sweet time to pull himself completely off and enjoying Vlad's deep moan as he did so. He licked his lips and broke off the glimmering string of spit that kept him connected to the head of Vlad's cock. Lightheaded and panting, Danny wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and looked up.

Vlad appeared uncharacteristically disheveled. Glossed-over eyes, shallow breaths, and an overall look that screamed how blissed out he was. An appealing shade of red had spread over his handsome face, and Danny couldn't hold back a satisfied smile.

Vlad smiled back. "You little deviant," he said breathlessly, encouraging Danny up by tugging on his arm.

"Learned from the master," Danny said as he stood. Straddling Vlad's lap, he steadied himself by resting his hands on Vlad's broad shoulders and leaned in for an uninhibited kiss, rubbing up his clothed dick against Vlad.

Running his hand up Danny's back and under the top, Vlad pushed his hips up to meet Danny's demand for friction and groaned into the kiss, no doubt tasting himself as he licked Danny's tongue. He took it in between his lips

and sucked, swallowing Danny's moan when he brought their mouths back together.

Wincing from how sore his mouth had become, Danny broke the kiss off and rested his forehead against Vlad's. He took a moment to catch his breath, scrunching his nose. "Gross. You taste and smell like beer."

"That doesn't seem to be discouraging you," Vlad said. He mouthed at Danny's jaw and trailed his hand up Danny's thigh, sliding underneath the skirt and brushing his knuckles against Danny's erection through his underwear.

Danny drew in a breath, his hips jerking from the touch. "Yeah, I have to keep going, 'cause I don't think I've proven my point just yet."

"By all means, please continue."

A soft gasp fell from Danny's lips when his briefs were phased off and dropped to the floor. The inside of skirt brushed against his leaking dick. If Danny thought that he felt indecent before, that didn't compare to the foreign sensation of wearing girly clothes that barely managed to cover his hard-on. He still had his socks and cheer shoes on too… and while in his ghost form…

Now, Danny wasn't exactly sure who the real pervert was.

Danny laid panting with his limp body stretched out across the chaise. His top was glued to his sweaty torso, and his skirt was wrinkled and damp in several spots. He imagined he looked just as wrecked as Vlad.

As always, it was a satisfying sight having Vlad kneeling above him and appearing totally out of it. Completely naked, his toned muscles were

shining from sweat, and his usually neat ponytail had lost its shape, hanging loosely over one shoulder.

After another moment of catching his breath, Vlad leaned down and kissed Danny, humming into his mouth. Danny broke the kiss off, his lips forming a lazy smile. “So, I think the verdict still stands.”

Vlad knitted his brows together, appearing confused.

“You’re a certified pervert.”

Vlad laughed breathlessly. “Guilty as charged.” He glanced at the TV. “And it appears that your punishment has come to an end. What a pity.”

“Finally. Now I can get out of this dumb uniform,” Danny said, hoping he sounded sufficiently annoyed.

Vlad smiled at him.

Danny shifted. “Uh, sorry again about your football. I’ll keep looking out for it.”

“Not to worry, dear boy. As you said, it has to reappear someday.”

“Yeah, but I shouldn’t have messed with it in the first place. You said it was your most prized possession.”

“Your ‘punishment’ certainly made amends. Besides…” Vlad brushed some hair away from Danny’s face. “I believe I have a new prized possession now.”

Danny’s cheeks warmed up. He smiled. “Yeah?”

Vlad hummed in agreement. “Now I just have to make sure this one doesn’t stray away from me.”

Danny held Vlad’s face in his hands and kissed him. The warmth in his chest spread, filling him with a type of elation that he couldn’t quite put into words. “I don’t think you’ll have to worry about that.”

Danny walked down one of the flights of stairs leading to the mansion's foyer, freshly showered and wearing a totally manly pair of space themed pajamas. He swept away some damp strands of his black hair from his face. After how dirty Vlad had left him, a scrub down for each of his forms seemed necessary. He still wasn't sure why Vlad got so excited while he was wearing the uniform. And even if things didn't go as initially planned, Danny realized that he had a lot of fun fooling around with it on, more than he wanted to admit.

He reached the last step and noticed Vlad was standing in front of his glass display of football collectibles at the far end of the foyer, appearing tidy and handsome in his silk robe and polishing a very familiar looking object in his hands. Danny scurried over to him.

"Feeling refreshed, little badger?"

"No way. You found it?" Danny asked, staring wide-eyed at the signed football in Vlad's hand. A wave of relief washed over him, cleansing him of his guilt. "You gotta tell me where it was."

Vlad looked sideways at Danny with a knowing smirk, and Danny's smile gradually disappeared from his lips as realization slowly hit him.

"No… you've got to be kidding me."

"Yes, well, you know how much of a jokester I can be—"

"You've had it this whole time? I can't believe you!"

"Inside voices, Daniel."

"You knew it wasn't lost and you still made me wear that stupid uniform!"

"You really did look quite stunning—"

“And then you made me—you made me…” Danny clenched his teeth, balling his hands into fists as his face burned with embarrassment. “You crazy perverted old man!”

“To be fair, I didn’t think you’d take it as far as you did,” Vlad said calmly as he gave the ball one last polish and set it neatly on its stand. He tucked the folded cloth away in his pocket and turned, facing Danny with a smile and his hands behind his back.

“You made me!” Danny huffed.

“I merely whispered in your ear, Daniel. *You* took the initiative. Everything afterwards… well, let’s blame it on the heat of the moment, shall we?”

Danny crossed his arms, scowling.

Vlad put a hand on his shoulder. “It wasn’t so bad, was it?”

“Yes, it was! I felt so stupid.”

“I see. That’s all right. It’s not as if you can stay mad at me forever,” Vlad said with a hint of humor.

Danny’s lips twitched, his heated temper cooling down at the mention of the familiar words. “Is that a challenge, Vlad?”

“No.” Vlad squeezed Danny’s shoulder. “Perhaps there’s something I can do to make you feel better?”

Danny thought for a moment. If Vlad was giving him a chance for revenge, then maybe he should demand that Vlad wear a dumb cheerleading uniform too. Though, after picturing Vlad in a crop top and skirt, Danny concluded that he couldn’t request something like that. That was—apparently—Vlad’s thing, not his.

Though, there was something else that Vlad had asked for: his Phantom form. That was new. They’d never done it in their ghost forms, something that Danny has had a fleeting thought of every now and then. And now he could finally bring up the topic without sounding weird about it. It hardly

seemed like a punishment, but Danny was sure he could think of ways of torturing Plasmius while “in the heat of the moment” as Vlad had put it.

Danny mirrored Vlad’s smirk. “Maybe there is something you can do.”

“And what would that be?”

“Humor me.”